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GERMAN EAST AFRICA

THE ENGLISH IN THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIVES

By

DR. HANS POESCHEL

WITH FOREWORDS BY
Governor Dr. Schnee

and

General von Lettow-Vorbeck.

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for generations to come will again and again recount their heroic deeds to their children and their children's children, — deeds which they accomplished under the leadership of Germans. Nor must we ourselves ever forget these things — any more than our black friends and comrades-in-arms. The incomparable faithfulness and devotion displayed by them must for all time be given a place in our history and a place in our hearts.

Dr. Hans Poeschel is well qualified to portray the thoughts and feelings of our black charges, whom he grew to know so well during his years of service in German East Africa. He shows clearly how our enemy has attempted by means of falsehoods to delude the world into the belief that the natives of our colonies had become alienated from us and preferred English rule. Dr. Poeschel has gathered a great body of material which

must furnish a clear answer, at least in *this* connection, to Pilate's inquiry: »What is Truth?«

I myself am absolutely convinced that the natives long for the moment of our return. As a token of this, I recall the heart-felt cries of the blacks in the district of Tabora when a German recently passed their way: »Wadeutschi rudini!« (Come back to us, you Germans!) I know that this cry, even though it remain a silent cry, will arise unceasingly from the hearts of our native African charges.

DR. HEINRICH SCHNEE,
Governor of German East Africa.

using on other fronts.

When I ask myself how it was that we were able to hold out so well in German East Africa, then I must give first place to the loyalty of the natives.

Again and again during the campaign, even the most experienced among us could not but be surprised at the deeply-rooted confidence and attachment which the native population displayed towards us. During the operations of the fighting troops, the peaceful native inhabitants could infallibly be reckoned upon to furnish us with reliable moral and material support.

The experiences of the four long years of war have developed in me the unshakeable conviction that the natives of German East Africa felt happy and contented

under German rule and that they desire its return. So far as my observations went, the closer acquaintance which our blacks made with the occupying powers at that time, has merely served to deepen and strengthen the good opinion they entertained of us.

It will prove as impossible to destroy this attachment to the Germans among the natives, as to destroy their inspiring memory of the deeds which they achieved in common with us and of the blood which, in common with us, they shed in the defence of their homeland.

Dr. Poeschel, a true East African, fought upon the same battlefields for the same goal for which we fought in the African plains. The picture of East Africa and its people which Dr. Poeschel presents with such force and graphic strokes, embodies the general impression which every East African among us brought home with him from the war.

GENERAL VON LETTOW-VORBECK,
Commander-in-Chief of the Protectorate Troops.

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WHAT IS TRUTH?

»The *Germans* have not understood how to win the loyalty and the confidence of the natives in their colonies.«

»The *Germans* have inflicted unendurable burdens and injustice upon the helpless population of their protectorates.«

»*German* rule in the colonies is a brutal, idealess system of mere force without the slightest appreciation of the thoughts and feelings of the subjugated peoples. Its purpose is merely the oppression, the exploitation and finally the extermination of the natives.«

»Hence the *English* and their allies have been greeted everywhere in the German colonies by the hapless population as the saviours, as the bringers of freedom and a better future. The *Englishmen* at once captures the hearts of the blacks. And quite justly so. For no one understands how to treat the unsophisticated children of uncivilized lands so justly and so humanely as he, to preserve and protect their native peculiarities and human dignity and to further their moral and physical welfare.«

»Ask the native peoples in the German colonies. Everywhere we hear the cry: »Away with the hated German tyranny! Welcome, Union Jack!«

Such are a few of the cries and phrases which rise clamorously from the enemy camp. These charges and

He then asks himself: »Is there not perhaps a grain of truth in these things?«

This makes the case for Truth doubly difficult. Witness for the German cause? Germany is still cut off from her colonies. They are now occupied by Germany's enemies. The majority of our unfortunate countrymen who chanced to be in the colonies at the outbreak of war, still languish in prisoner's camps — scattered everywhere throughout the world. *Truth is the chief contraband of war.* Every letter,

unfalsifiable to test or disprove — no matter how brazen may be their falsity, how crass their absurdity and their partisanship.

We lulled ourselves in the faith that historical facts must be more potent than printed, cabled, »wirelessed« lies. We believed that the world must see for itself that the primitive peoples of Africa would not suffer and fight for years, nor die by the thousands in order to remain loyal to their hated oppressors. But this, alas, was an error — and a grievous one. The historians of a future day will be able to do honour to this fact. But the swift, the emotional, the superficial present clamours for the melodramatic film, the great masses respond only to the grossest and most sensational details.

And the Briton, catering assiduously to these baser appetites and passions, furnishes the fuel and the food with a large and lavish hand. There is a plethora of government memorials and private pamphlets, of Reuter telegrams and newspaper articles and items — all of them bent upon calling forth in the minds of the enemy and the neutral nations and painting in the coarsest colours, precisely that vision of German colonial activities most useful for England's nefarious purpose.

It is only recently that an English White Book has become known in Germany, a work which occupies itself

means which diabolical malignity can devise. Day after day it is bruited about that their return to the colony will never be tolerated, and that the invader will remain master in the land. And then this or that native chieftain is summoned to official headquarters and is asked in the friendliest, most ingratiating manner: »Now, brother, tell us, heart to heart, do you love us more — or the Germans?«

true that our blacks wish to become English or French. In spite of all enemy efforts, unmistakeable evidences of the feeling of the people in our protectorates reach us by roundabout and devious ways.

To quote but one single and recent instance from a neutral Spanish newspaper, disposed to be rather pro-Entente than pro-German in its sentiments — *El Dia* of Madrid, under date of December 12, 1918: With telling irony this journal writes:

»Mr. Long, the British Colonial Secretary, told the truth in so far as he declared that England had actually put the question to the natives (as to whether they wished to remain under English protection or to return to German protection). But the answer turned out quite otherwise than in Mr. Long's assertion (namely, that the male inhabitants who had been asked, decided to remain under English rule). For the answer these inhabitants made clearly indicated that they would all prefer to continue to live under German protection! . . .

»But all who are familiar with the egoistic character of the African and his inclination to treachery — as we have sufficiently learned to our cost in Morocco and other parts of Africa — know how easy it is to egg on the unscrupulous natives against Germany — and how quickly disposed they are to forget all the benefits they have received at German hands. Most fair-minded men know all too well that the natives in the Cameroons and in the neighbourhood of our own possessions on the Gulf of

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Guinea would simply have gone to ruin, had not the Germans brought them order and civilization.

So far as the natives of the Cameroons are concerned, the Spanish press has repeatedly expressed its profound admiration of the fact that when the German protectorate troops crossed over into Spanish territory, hundreds of thousands of natives were voluntarily prepared to follow them. Part of them were restrained by force. Even to-day thousands of natives in Fernando Po still remain faithful to us, even though our enemies never tire of attempting to seduce them from their loyalty.

How clear and illuminating is the light shed upon the true sentiment of Germany's coloured children by the following news-item which was given publicity in Spain during the beginning of March of this year, and the source of which assures its absolute authenticity.

The dispatch reports that 117 Cameroon chieftains who voluntarily crossed over into Spanish territory during the war had in their own names and those of their districts petitioned the King of Spain to use his influence in seeing that the Cameroons were returned to Germany. In this petition it is distinctly emphasized that the natives who had remained in the Cameroons were actuated by the same wish — a wish which they naturally did not dare to express out of fear of the French and English. The paramount chieftains who signed this petition represent districts in all parts of the protectorate — forest and savannah, coast line and the interior as far as Garua. For over three years they have been cut off from all possibility of being influenced by their former masters, for these, as is well-known, are all interned in the neighbourhood of Madrid.

It is one of the axioms of history that conquered peoples who are dissatisfied with their rulers, are the natural allies of the foreign enemies of their oppressors. A despot who has been attacked from without has always good reason to fear the dagger thrust in his back.

From many sources — among them the reports of Mr. Norman King, British Vice-consul in Dar-es-Salaam, a gentleman stationed there since 1912 in order to gather various bits of useful information about German East Africa for his government in the event of war — from many such sources — we know with what certainty the British Government reckoned with the breaking out of serious native disturbances in our protectorate soon after the commencement of hostilities.

Obviously these speculations were based upon analogous questions which lay close to hand — such as, what would happen were a powerful foe to attack the English possessions — India, Egypt, South Africa, Rhodesia, Nigeria? What would happen if such a foe invaded Ireland? No Briton would venture to dispute that in such a case serious uprisings would follow as a matter of course.

Had the English calculation been correct — had there been enough explosive matter garnered up in German East Africa to provoke a revolt, — our situation would

the fact. I do not wish to enter upon a discussion on the subject of spies and traitors. Scoundrels and time-servers are to be met with everywhere: they are used in all wars — used — and despised. If Englishmen can permit themselves to boast of such assistance without blushing before the decent-minded among their countrymen — that is no concern of mine.

As to those of our natives who were forced into doing war service against us, I shall revert to this point later, merely remarking here that such acts constitute crass violations of Article 52 of the rules for land warfare as embodied in the Hague Convention. To this glory, too, our chivalrous foes are welcome. What remains? Only this one thing:

The English administrator of the northern provinces of our East African colony reports dutifully to his government that natives of the district of Ufiome had of their own accord attacked and captured a small food-supply transport of the German divisions under Captain Naumann which had broken into the English line of military posts. This, of course, is heralded as a striking proof of the *loyal* attitude of our natives towards *English* rule and power. This incident decorates the official report which has, of course, been concocted and sent in by express order so as to convince the world of the enmity which our East African subjects cherish against us. Had Mr. Byatt had more such anecdotes in reserve, he would have failed in his duty as a propagandist, and as a link in the chain of systematic calumny of German colonial methods, had he not diligently served all of them up, and served them *hot*. But here we have a solitary instance, in the course of four years of war

whenever and wherever this was possible. For in the meantime they had grown to know the English and to hate them — as still greater cattle-thieves than they themselves have the proud distinction of being — and that is an encroachment upon his rights which no Masai will stand.

times of peace, to confirm the statement that a white man may depend upon the blacks, precisely in that degree in which they regard him as »*hodari*«. »*Hodari*« is rather a difficult word to translate, but it may be said to express all those attributes which were compact in the Roman »*virtus*«: bodily strength and tenacity, strong will, absence of fear in the presence of danger, personal venturesomeness — in short, *manliness*. It was these qualities which brought about such a close and fervent attachment on the part of the first troops of General Wissman, many of whom were former English soldiers,

great and magnificent achievement which lay in the resistance of the Germans to that overwhelming might embodied in the British-Indian-Boer-Belgian-Portuguese forces. Alone the one battle at Tanga at the beginning of November 1914, in which Lettow-Vorbeck with a mere 900 rifles fell like a thunderbolt upon 8000 white, brown and black Englishmen, dealing them an annihilating blow and hurling them back upon their ships with a loss of nearly 3000 men, gave a glamour to the German name throughout the whole Dark Continent. Nothing that the Briton has done has been able to destroy this glamour.

Countless battles and engagements followed, victories and defeats alternated, and the Germans were forced to give way step by step. But all the black people know that they gave way like wounded lions, inflicting fearful damage upon their huge adversaries. Small wonder that the thousands of acts of German heroism, following fast one upon the other, should have been exaggerated and decked out with many mythical features, as is African custom, and that their fame should have passed from mouth to mouth, from district to district exciting wonder and astonishment throughout the entire land.

With what enthusiasm did our faithful blacks in the German capital of Dar-es-Salaam greet the news of every German success! Their faith in our conduct of the war and their faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause was immeasurable. When English victories were reported,

for the greater part, seriously-wounded Askaris were lying at this time at the bandaging-station. This bandaging-station was clearly visible far and wide, being plainly marked by means of a large Red Cross flag. Soon after the withdrawal of the company, the enemy opened up a furious fire upon this bandaging-station. A native carrier who climbed on the roof of a native hut in the neighbourhood to hoist the Red Cross flag upon this, was shot, and toppled to the ground. The English troops advanced, firing steadily, though, of course, no single shot was fired by the Germans. Through this fusillade, six of the wounded Askaris who were lying at the bandaging-station were either killed or wounded afresh. The greater part of the carriers sought to escape by flight. Some of these were also killed. After the English troops had advanced within 100 metres without ceasing to fire, Dr. Gothein himself advanced towards the enemy, who still kept on shooting. Not before he had called out to the English officer who commanded the detachment and asked him whether he did not see that he was shooting at wounded men, did this officer order the firing to cease.

During his retreat, Dr. Gothein and his transport of wounded men were once more taken under fire by the English. In seeking to evade this fire, they stumbled into the very midst of English troops. The English commander, who was summoned to the spot, assured Dr. Gothein that he was entitled to pass unmolested in his capacity as a doctor, but that he would first have to be taken to Karonga, as otherwise he might get a glimpse of their troops. No sooner had Dr. Gothein reached Karonga than this promise (the word of honour of an officer and gentleman, sir)

declared her war upon a people who had never done her the slightest wrong, whilst everybody in Dar-es-Salaam was awaiting a wireless message from Berlin to declare that in accordance with the Congo Acts, Africa was to remain immune from the war, a number of heroic British war-vessels opened up a reckless bombardment of our pretty and absolutely defenceless capital. This was a

with their thunderjunks and shot to pieces the finest buildings in the town. During the late summer of 1916, once more summoning courage to attack an enemy who could not hit back and to indulge in the cheap and for them absolutely safe sport of shelling a defenceless town, these latter-day sons of Nelson indulged themselves in these senseless bombardments day after day, to the terror of the peaceful civilian population.

During the bombardment on September 3, the well-known palatial European Hospital which is conspicuously visible upon the sands, was struck by several shells. The Germans protested indignantly against this ruthlessness, whereupon the chief of the British squadron declared that the ship in question had assumed that it was being fired upon by a *machine-gun* in the neighbourhood of the Hospital and that no consideration could therefore be given the hospital. It is scarcely necessary to say that there was no *machine-gun* near the hospital. The whole town in fact had long ago been evacuated by the German troops.

During these days our blacks made bitter mock of the heroic Britons. Frau C. who lived at Dar-es-Salaam during these days, repeated to me some of these negro remarks, and they are worth repeating here: »What are they up to with all this bang-banging? There are only women and children here and men who have no guns. What kind of war is this? It is a very bad kind of war.

The negro, as I have already said in the foregoing, is often compared to a child. Let us rather say he resembles a schoolboy. A schoolboy in the third form stands approximately in the same relationship to his teacher, as the black man to his white master. The schoolboy respects his master if the latter be a man of parts and energy. He observes him with instinctive sharpness and is merciless in discovering his weak spots. He displays a childish delight in devising nicknames which have the habit of sticking. He makes merry over the weaknesses or peculiarities he has discovered and exploits them, whenever possible, for his own advantage. And when a new headmaster appears in the classroom, a master who is able to impress him in one way or another, then he indulges in sudden and indiscriminate outbursts of enthusiasm.

When the English finally occupied Dar-es-Salaam — as was to have been expected from the foregoing — the native population at first indulged in great demonstrations of delight. For the coming of the Briton was an exciting event, he himself an interesting novelty. The English troops marched in with bands and much military *fol-de-rol*. The Indian shops, the stocks of which had grown so scanty during the lengthy period of war, were once

Should the British attempt to deny these reports, which have been authenticated from various sides, by designating them as empty »nigger talk,« it would be interesting to learn what better explanation they could advance for the fact that the same negroes, who had at first crowded to serve them, soon turned away from them, utterly disillusioned.

This disinclination to enter English service remained, nay, it grew steadily, and proved as astonishing as it was inconvenient to the English. For instance Frau von R., who was on service in the German Hospital at Dar-es-Salaam, relates that frequently the natives of fallen or captured German officers and non-commissioned officers would beg her to find work for them in the German Hospital or with some German lady — they were tired of working for the English. Since it was impossible to find places in German families for all the boys, many of them remained without places for a considerable time — despite all the offers of the British. And yet the boys who had formerly been in German employ were only too eager to enter the service of interned Germans, even though they were forced to work under very uncomfortable circumstances.

A native who had been cook to a physician of the Protectorate Troops, as attested by Staff Physician Dr. Höring, stubbornly refused to enter the service of an Englishman. He was twice ordered to be given 25 blows of the whip. But when this flogging also proved of no avail, he was finally utilized by the English as a cook for German prisoners passing through Lindi. The faithful

OR the Germans in Dar-es-Salaam the currying spectacle unrolled itself of Englishmen, even English officers hobnobbing and strolling through the streets hand in hand with natives, sitting side by side with them in the rickshaws, playing football with them and tennis and croquet. Our natives did not, of course, object to this fraternizing, but it scarcely served to increase their respect for the English. The German men and women who have returned from German East Africa offer the most detached, yet coinciding evidence as to the manner in which the blacks made merry over their new masters — behind their backs.

»He is no *bwana*!« they would say, contemptuously. They were also quick to perceive that behind this display of fraternity (which may have been due to orders from headquarters) there was far less real cordiality and kindness than in the entire reserve which we displayed. »Fine words and a bad heart.«

The longer English rule continued, the greater grew the astonishment and the dissatisfaction of our black people. Above all they missed two things — missed them the more, the longer they were forced to do without them. I will cite in this place, *verbatim*, what was told me by a neutral who had spent the entire period of the war in Dar-es-Salaam. »*The German doctors and the German judges occupy so lofty a place in the memory of the natives, that the English can never hope to fill the gap.*«

That is a testimonial of which any colonizing power might well be proud.

German physicians, of course, are our particular pride in every part of the world and have brought

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And as to the German judges of the native courts — what shall be said of them! During the last four years they have been slandered and blackguarded in English and French publications as knout-wielding tyrants who, under the influence of tropic spleen and an unbridled lust for power, were oppressing the muttering tribes of our colonies by means of a refined system of wanton brutality. We are said to have sated ourselves with the torture of our victims — to have done this without giving them a hearing, without calling for evidence, or basing our judgments on law. It is said that we uttered our barbarous verdicts according to mere whim and passion, behind closed doors, and, of course, flogged, flogged, flogged the natives.

One's gorge rises at the thought that highly-educated men — men with whom we have chatted in their pleasant London studies, or with whom night after night we have discussed the mightiest problems under the starry heavens of the tropics, — men who in most essentials think and feel as we do — that such men should write these things and believe these things about us. Do they *really* believe them? It would be preposterous madness to affirm this and I for one will not believe that they believe. We must look to that old English formula of »expediency« for an explanation of their conduct and the moral obliquity it denotes.

prove that they long for the return of the German judge. The English *Shauri* (or jurisdiction) was not as good as that to which we had accustomed them. The English judges frequently did not understand the natives at all and took no pains with them. Very few of them knew Kisuheli, the prevailing language of the land, and were therefore forced to make use of interpreters who very often knew little of the language themselves and who usually allowed themselves to be bribed. They bellowed at the natives and were merely desirous of getting rid of them as quickly as possible. Cases were tried in a far more superficial manner than in German courts, yet were often dragged out in an interminable manner. Many defendants were locked-up for days at a time, without knowing why or wherefore. And then there was the universal complaint that the Englishman in his *Shauri* was chiefly bent upon squeezing money out of the natives. And yet they, the natives, would much rather endure a round of flogging, than pay money to the British. They were seized by an unconquerable suspicion that the English simply let these money-fines slip into their own pockets.

But the British predilection for money-grubbing would be a chapter in itself. Our natives found many other things to displease them — of these mention shall be made later.

force out of their nuts and were frequently carried on to other districts. The population was helpless in the face of these acts of brutal violence. He who wished to make sure of his wife was compelled to hide her somewhere outside of Dar-es-Salaam.

A good deal of explosive matter against the new masters seems to have accumulated up to the beginning of the year 1919. A neutral merchant mentions the following very significant incident: There was great excitement in Dar-es-Salaam during January, 1919. The British did not exercise the same supervision over the native traders and merchants as did the Germans. The result was that the dealers sold the goods which they had bought cheaply at a profit of over 300 to 400 per cent. The Askaris and the carriers complained of these high prices to the British officers. The answer which they are said to have received was to the effect that if the prices were too high, they should simply not pay anything at all. At all events the markets and the Indian shops were hereupon stormed and plundered: shots were fired, Englishmen were maltreated — two are supposed to have been killed, though this was not confirmed. But the significant point is that non-English Europeans who were caught in this tumult were not molested. The natives shouted to one another that they were to be spared — they were »wazungu wa zamani« »Europeans of former days«. It is clear that the population placed the entire blame for the conditions which so embittered it upon the shoulders of the English and was merely anxious to vent its hatred against them.

unfortunate and degenerate Latin, be it among friends or among foes, there swords must be lowered and hands raised in salute to these black comrades of ours.

Since this miracle can no longer be disputed, one should strive to understand it. Our opponents need not have been so astounded at what seems to us only natural, had they attempted in times of peace to study and understand our system of colonial education in a spirit of fair-mindedness. The period of war merely harvests what had been sown in the period of peace. No officer of the German Protectorate troops ever doubted

and auxiliary forces of a huge modern army.

If the gift of logical thought were not so uncommon a blessing, surely the whole world would be forced to concede that such unparalleled devotion and loyalty furnish the most incontrovertible proof of the competence and success of the master and the teacher of the black. A bond of faith such as this, forged by the ordeal of suffering in common and tested by blood and fire, may be said to possess a holy right to recognition now and in the future.

The complete story of General von Lettow-Vorbeck's campaign would at the same time be a magnificent and touching epic of the deeds of the German Askaris. This story will be written and will awaken the admiration and homage of generations to come. But I cannot forbear to mention a few incidents, chosen quite casually from the mass of material at hand, which will serve to show the spirit that dwelt in Lettow-Vorbeck's small but devoted band.

First Naval-Lieutenant Wenig had an orderly, an Askari named Mangwina who hailed from Mwaja on Lake Nyassa, and belonged to the tribe of the Wasokile. One day Mangwina addressed Lieutenant Wenig thus: »Bwana, I love thee so much that it is my greatest wish to stop the bullet meant for thee in battle.«

»Mangwina,« answered the Lieutenant, »thou knowest I do not like such talk,« whereupon the Askari calmly replied:

»Utaona, thou shalt see.«

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her own sons. Such are the views of the men who have risked their lives and health in the battles in German East Africa. There is in them none of the insidious poison of the imperialist politician nor the hate-fomenting journalist. They are honest soldiers, capable of honouring a gallant foe and not blind to obvious facts.

The word of such men counts for more than all the transparent falsehoods, sophistries and misrepresentations of any number of Blue or White Books.

Our Protectorate Troops were composed wholly of German East African natives. Only a few remnants of the old, for the greater part Soudanese troops of the great explorer, Hermann von Wissmann, were still on hand, in the higher non-commissioned ranks. As a general rule there were always a sufficient number of volunteers to be obtained from the districts in the neighbourhood of the military posts to cover the slight demand for recruits. Under conditions such as these it would scarcely have been possible to «alienate» the men from their tribes, since they remained in constant personal touch with their relations and tribal brothers. When Askaris happened to be transferred from their home villages to other garrisons, this was done either to equalize the strength of the companies, or in order not to be forced to utilize the recruits against their friends and relations in the event of disturbances. Had one developed them into a warrior caste, remote from all sympathy or affiliations with the populace, such considerations would assuredly not have been necessary.

It was natural, of course, that entry into the service should signify a social advance for the raw Bush negro. But this is no distinctive feature of the German system, but is a self-evident element in the recruiting of coloured troops everywhere. The smart uniform, the manly arms, the assured position and regular pay, the closer relationship with white men, the personal polish and increased sense of personal worth, all these are things which permit the

BUT IT WAS NOT ENOUGH THAT THE ENGLISH PERMITTED OUR protégés and black comrades to perish by multitudes within the country — they even went so far as to drag them far beyond the confines of the African continent. Whole droves of these unhappy negroes were shipped to Marseilles as dock-labourers, or as carriers and workers to Mesopotamia, or as pit-labourers to the South African mines — those giant graves of the black race. Over 6000 men were transported alone from the Usambara district in 1917. The natives who were unable to pay the taxes imposed by the English, were first taken to an

and to a strudgery to which they were largely unaccustomed. Natives of higher rank whose pro-German sentiments were feared by the English were given the honour of deportation to St. Helena!

Never before did German East Africa suffer under so intolerable a burden as under the weight of Britain's tender hands. Never since the days of the infamous slave-drivers Mirambo and Tippu Tipp did so terrible and universal a calamity befall these ill-starred peoples.

Let not England lay the flattering unction to her soul that these things were the unavoidable consequences of the war. This war in the colonies and all the misery and suffering it entailed, was avoidable by the dictates of International Law. Germany (and for that matter, France and Belgium) was prepared to maintain the sanctity of the Congo Acts according to which East Africa was to be declared neutral territory in the event of war. England alone through her attack upon this protectorate unloosed the war in the Dark Continent. Upon England and England alone the blame must fall.

With groans and mutterings, the black peoples of our colony have borne the burdens and the sacrifices laid upon their backs by this régime of violence. The course which events took in the interior was similar to that already described as having taken place at Dar-es-Salaam. We are aware that following upon the gradual evacuation of our colony by our troops, more than one tribe professed a hasty inclination to become English. For the newcomers spoke many fair words to them and promised

»fine words — a bad heart.« Here and there riots and disturbances ensued, as even the British White Book acknowledges — but what did these avail against the overwhelming might of the tender hand?

Yet there was one factor in the land against which England's despotic will availed nothing. This was the German Askaris who had fallen into English captivity. Unrestrained by a single shred of respect for International Law, the English sought again and again to seduce these splendid soldiers, who had given them so much trouble, into taking service under England and fighting against their former leaders and comrades. But their efforts failed. And the answer which the loyal Askaris gave might have caused many an Englishman to blush — *for it was both a lesson and a rebuke.*

»We have sworn loyalty to the Germans,« our faithful black fellows would answer — »how could we ever fight against them?«

Few of my readers would have imagined that so high a sense of honour would prevail among these blacks. And yet, resisting both temptations and threats, thousands of German Askaris endured the hard lot of the prisoner, rather than break their word. And these brave men were brutalized and maltreated to the last degree in order to break their spirit. Their money and their possessions were taken from them, they were treated as common convicts and forced to work in chain-gangs still clad in full uniform — a fact attested by Captain Kieckhofer who saw this shameful spectacle with his own eyes. Entire

THE QUESTION OF MONEY.

»The Germans are an honest people.« One of the greatest of Englishmen was guilty of this bold utterance, speaking to be sure, at a time when the game of moral Hun-baiting had not yet become the chief and chivalrous pastime of his countrymen. We Germans would not venture upon any such assertion, for we know full well that we have no more a monopoly of the world's honesty than of blue eyes or protuberant fronts. We may nevertheless be permitted to point out that the keenly-observant negroes of East Africa, with their natural and healthy instincts, have shown during the war that they shared the flattering conclusion arrived at by the Bard of Avon.

In matters of money the negro differs little from other human beings. It is the money test which will most infallibly prove who possesses his confidence and who does not.

Two parties confronted one another during the war: The one, the German, the poorer and thriftier, visibly growing poorer during the war: the other, the Englishman, with apparently unlimited stores of money to command. It would naturally be supposed that the negro would be for the Englishman? But softly, softly!

It was plain, to be sure, that the Englishman possessed great stores of money, but to the growing astonishment

of the beholder, it became plain that he needed still more money, a great deal more. Of all the innovations introduced by the new government, the most remarkable lay in the fact that money all of a sudden began to play a quite different and much more important part than ever before. The material at our disposal is still faulty and fragmentary, however authentic, and therefore in this instance, as in others, we cannot draw a conclusive nor comprehensive picture of the colony as a whole. Nevertheless, without attempting any cut and dried generalization, we shall make free to cite a number of attested facts, which should prove sufficient.

The taxes rose during the occupation — the wages sank. Why not the contrary? Money fines of an incomprehensible severity, in no wise related to the income of the offender, were frequently imposed. And why? Instead of punishing the native, who could not pay, his white master, who had not been sentenced, was mulcted in the sum required. Physical punishments could be bought off by means of money payments. No black man understands or appreciates this order, which is, of course, designed as a benevolent educational measure. Surely, thinks the native, there can be no comparison between my getting a beating and the judge pocketing 10 rupees? Bribery, which runs rife throughout the East, increased to an unprecedented extent. He who best greased the palm of the interpreter won his case in court. The night-prowler who chanced to be arrested after dark by the English police-Askari would be free to go his ways after he had dropped a couple of silver coins into the ready hand of the guardian of the law. Then there were innumerable tales of servants, carriers, tradesmen, who, on one pretext

siderable sums. We were obliged to refuse or point out to them that it would be a long time, perhaps years, before we could return them their fortunes. »No matter, *bwana*«, they always replied, »just take care of it for us. If you don't, the English will take it away.«

Dismal must have been the experiences which occasioned this troubled state of mind and anxiety among the blacks in respect to the Britons. Truly a dark chapter, of which only a few features need be disclosed. Those blacks of ours who happened to fall into the hands of the Britons as prisoners were systematically robbed and cheated. When the captive Askaris were taken to the prisoners' camps at Tabora and Dar-es-Salaam, their clothes, their money and their various possessions were taken from them. The men themselves were witnesses of how the English divided the money among themselves and gave the clothes to their black troops. The same thing happened to the Askaris and the carriers of the detachment under Captain Theodor Tafel. This looting was not merely the work of the English Askaris, but also of Europeans — even officers of rank taking part in the shameful proceedings.

Binti Hamiss bin Seliman, an Askari woman, was deprived of 338 rupees, partly in notes, partly in silver, by an English Major at Utete on March 30, 1917. She was given two tickets, one for 287, the other for 51 rupees, and was told that she would receive money for these at Dar-es-Salaam. But not a penny was ever paid her.

The former Hospital »boy« Seliman bin Musa, had 109 rupees taken away from him at Utete by the same Major at the same time. He was refused a receipt.

The European »boy« Abdrachman bin Matamanga was robbed of 200 rupees in silver and 60 rupees in

In Tabora Englishmen robbed the heirs of deceased blacks of their entire legacies, among these being amounts up to 500 rupees, although the heirs were present and protested loudly. John Bull in a new rôle — the robber of the negro dead!

So far as the savings of the prisoners of war are concerned, the Briton will be certain to advance the statement that these moneys were kept on hand for the men and paid them upon their dismissal. Very well. Let us throw a little revealing light upon these things by means of official protocols.

From approximately August to December 1917, a German civilian prisoner of war, by name of Wichmann was regularly active at Dar-es-Salaam as an interpreter when the captive Askaris had their money taken from them. He himself was obliged to take the money from the blacks, and was never permitted to give them a receipt — despite repeated demands. He was compelled to tell the blacks that their money was perfectly safe in the office and that it would be returned to them upon their liberation. He placed the various deposits in envelopes, which he was forbidden to seal, and upon each envelope he wrote the number of the prisoner, the name and the sum. These envelopes he never saw again, though frequently occupied in the office. After Major Montgomery, who was Commandant of the camp at that time, resigned his post and was succeeded by Major Hosken, the fact came to light, that a large part of the money had disappeared.

A large transport of prisoners-of-war from Lindi was treated in the following manner: The day after their arrival at the camp they were ordered to appear in groups in the administration offices for the purpose of registering their personal effects. While this took place, Private MacIntyre and two Nubians went into the camp and ordered the Askaris who were still there to throw their own baggage as well as that of their comrades upon a large fire which had been lighted. This baggage of the Askaris, in addition to their other possessions, also contained the paybooks of the men, as well as their money. The Askaris begged leave to save at least their money, but in no case was this request granted. When several Askaris attempted to snatch their packs from the burning pile, they were beaten off by blows of the *kiboko*, or hippopotamus-hide whip. According to investigations made later, about 100,000 rupees were burned on this occasion. In spite of the complaints and lamentations of the Askaris, the English Commandant of the camp made no endeavour to see that the silver money which had not been burnt was recovered from the ashes. After a day or two, however, the blacks who were in English service, were permitted to pick out and keep these coins.

An English Lieutenant by name of Bobby who was at that time commissioned to administer the money of the prisoners in the camp at Dar-es-Salaam, had as his assistants three German prisoners-of-war — Herren Hameldt, Frisch and Neumann, who helped him to keep record of the moneys. During the course of this work, Herr Hameldt one day saw Lieut. Bobby slip a rolled-up series of bank-notes into his pocket. In answer to Herr Hameldt's question as to what he intended to do with

from this chest and asked Haneldt what they were. »Askari pay-books«, answered the latter. Hereupon Bobby tore the books to pieces, thus purposely destroying the only possible means by which the Askaris could demand their money. (Evidence as given under oath by Herr Haneldt before an English court.)

The same peculiar methods which had prevailed at the confiscation and the storage of the money took place when it was to be paid back. In the early part of 1918, the aforementioned Herr Wichmann once more served as an interpreter during the liberation of some 30 Askari prisoners of war. No record of their property was on hand. Those who were able to show a receipt were paid a sum of money without any examination being made as to the amount. The aforesaid Bobby simply thrust his hand into the chest and gave out notes by the handful, merely according to the bulk of paper, each handful being supposed to be 100 rupees! An honest negro Non-com., having counted his money, found that he had received 70 rupees beyond what was owing to him and came back to offer these to Bobby. But generosity is not difficult when combined with an utter indifference to the property of others, for Bobby answered:

»Get along, keep it for a present.«

This sample of English methods in money-affairs in relation to the natives suffices to explain the profound bitterness and suspicion aroused in them as to the honesty of the English. It is on record that Major Montgomery

was tried before a court-martial at Dares-Salaam during the Spring of 1919, charged with having stolen over 70,000 rupees from our brave black fellows.

These unsavoury things are not pleasant for German hands or pen to handle. Much rather would we speak and write only of those things which lead to understanding and reconciliation. But after such fathomless and immeasurable calumny has been heaped upon our people, after we have endured such incredible wrongs and insults and have been blackguarded with such satanic virulence, that Woodrow Wilson once more lost his head after the first flush of his victory and repeated the insane slanders of our foes in his speech upon the »League of Nations«, in Paris on Feb. 14, 1919, — after we have been aspersed as ruthless exploiters of our colonies, and as the brutal destroyers of our black protégés, then it becomes our imperative duty to drag the false accuser before the bar of our own all too well-founded accusations.

After things such as these England might well feel concerned for her future stay in German East Africa. Her name has been rendered infamous in this land, and the confidence of the people has been lost. Montgomery and his system will not be soon forgotten. Major Montgomery will remain an insurmountable barrier between England and the hearts of our East African subjects.

THE PLEBISCITE.

The world has been pretty unanimous in declining to accept the moonstruck idea of conceding to the negroes in the colonies the right of self-determination in the sense that they might choose their own protectorate power by means of a plebiscite. It would be a mere comedy! cry some. It would be the beginning of the end of the European colonial empire, think others.

And yet England, the past master in the art of political stage tricks, scene-shifting and property working, could not resist the temptation of producing a few effective scenes of this comedy on the stage. How sweet, how touching are these tableaux! The guileless children of Nature, released at length from all evil and thralldom, cast a sidelong look of horror and reproach at the wicked Germans and lift their innocent eyes to their saviours:

»Master, remain with us! Do not leave us, master dear!«

The English White Book already referred to furnishes a review of this most moving bit of sentimental comedy. And the press of the greater part of the world yells its approval.

But like all other comedies — a look behind the scenes, and lo! — all illusion vanishes! A considerable number of German citizens of standing have seen this machinery of the Briton at work and will attest the accuracy of the following statements:

When Mr. H. A. Byatt, the official who had been sent out from England to administer the occupied territory of German East Africa, arrived, compulsory public »demonstrations« were arranged, which were intended to give visible expression to the submission of the natives. Shortly after this, drummers appeared in the streets of Tanga and announced an order of the British Government, to the effect that every native would be compelled to pay a war-tax of 1 rupee or undergo punishment. The sum thus filched from the pockets of the negroes was afterwards paraded in the English press as a »voluntary war contribution to express the joy of the natives at being liberated from German slavery.«

In 1917, all the *Akidas* (coloured police superintendants) belonging to the District Political Office of Tanga, were summoned to Tanga and examined by officials as to whether they and the natives living in their districts desired the return of the German Government or preferred to remain under English rule. Those who decided in favour of Germany were immediately dismissed from their offices and were forbidden to return to their »akidates.« Those who decided in favour of the English received a reward of 30 rupees and were permitted to retain their posts. One must confess that this was a very clear and illuminating procedure, the success of which might have been guaranteed from the beginning.

In certain other districts it must have been unpleasant for the English to take a personal part in this farce by enacting the inquisitioners. So they decided to send Askaris, armed black mercenaries strange to the land, who were to question our natives as to their political creed and to strengthen the faith of the righteous by means of

two men — a German and an Englishman. Then all of us would vote for the German. But when the Englishman comes by himself, or only an English Askari with a big bayonet, then we are afraid and say whatever he pleases.*

In spite of all this fol-de-rol the real sentiments of the people could not long remain unknown to the Briton. The concocter of the East African section of the English White Book assures his government from East Africa that he was convinced of the frank preference of our blacks for English rule, (*very well, master*) though he at the same time emphatically repeats his warning against attempting a general plebiscite (*but I am very ill*).

One degree of additional frankness and Mr. Byatt would have been forced to confess that the real plebiscite of the people had taken place everywhere long since and that this plebiscite was constantly manifesting itself anew with the clear result of a verdict entirely in favour of Germany. All the official paper petitions or protestations of sympathy which had been coerced or cajoled out of the natives by the janissaries of John Bull — what do they signify in comparison with the wild and spontaneous outbursts of love and confidence displayed towards the Germans — demonstrations which caused many a Britisher astonishment and discomfiture?

We have already given various examples of these feelings. But it will not be amiss to add a few more — incidents which took place in full publicity under the eyes of the wry-faced enemy.

After the first German prisoners of war had been brought to Dar-es-Salaam, they were at first permitted to leave the camp and to make visits in the town. In walking through the streets, however, they were received

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